

SONNET XXXVIII.



As never eye did see my Mistress's
Was never ear did hear PIDESSA'S
tongue, Was never mind that once did
mind her grace,

That ever thought the travail to be long !

¹⁶ When her I see, no creature I behold."

So plainly say, these Advocates of Love,
That now do fear, and now to speak are
bold ;

Trembling apace, when they resolve to prove.
These strange effects do show a hidden power,

A majesty, all base attempts reproving ; That
glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower ;

Surely some goddess harbours in their
moving ! Who thus my Muse from base
attempts hath raised, Whom thus my Muse
beyond compare hath praised*

SONNET XXXIX.



LADY'S hair is threads of beaten gold.

Her front, the purest, crystal eye hath seen.
Her eyes, the brightest stars the heavens
hold.

Her cheeks, red roses, such as seld have
been. Her pretty lips, of red vermillion die.

Her hand, of ivory the purest white.
Her blush, AURORA or the morning sky.

Her breast displays two silver fountains
bright. The spheres, her voice; her grace, the
Graces three.

Her body is the saint that I adore. Her
smiles and favours, sweet as honey be.

Her feet, fair THETIS praiseth evermore.
But ah, the worst and last is yet behind :
For of a griffon she doth bear the mind!